# *PYRRHUS*

# King of EPIRUS.

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# King of Epirus.

A

# TRAGEDY,

ACTED

*At the* NEW THEATRE, *in*
*Little* Lincoln's-*Inn-Fields*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

---

Written by Mr. *HOPKINS*.

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*Solum primos da verſibus annos.*

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*LONDON*,

Printed for *Samuel Briſcoe*, in *Covent-Garden*; *Peter Buck*, at the Sign of the *Temple*, and *Daniel Dring*, at the *Harrow and Crown*, in *Fleet-ſtreet*, 1695.

TO HIS

ILLUSTRIOUS HIGHNESS

THE

# Duke of *GLOUCESTER*.

*May it please Your HIGHNESS,*

THE *HERO* of this *Tragedy*, was one of the most Famous that ever any Age produc'd; and his Story is humbly Dedicated to a Young PRINCE, who, so very early, promises Things as Great. All Noble Actions have been done, in imitation of Others that preceeded Them; and often They that imitate, have out-done their Originals. Wonderful Things may be expected from Your Highness's Manhood, who in so Green an Age, has promis'd so much. The Eyes of *EUROPE* are on YOU;



160434

the Hopes of Three Kingdoms live in YOU: And,

That YOU may live to Out-do even All Men's Expectations; live to be as Great as the *HERO* was, for whom I have preſum'd to beg Your Highneſs's Patronage; or, to go yet beyond Him; That YOU may live to be as Great as Your Royal UNCLE, Shall ever be the Prayer of

*Your HIGHNESS's*

*Moſt Devoted,*

*Moſt Humble Servant,*

C. H.

# PROLOGUE.

## By Mr. *CONGREVE.*

*OUR Age has much improv'd the Warriour's Art;*
*For Fighting, now, is thought the weakeſt Part;*
*And a good Head, more uſeful than a Heart.*
*This Way of War, does our Example yield;*
*That Stage will win, which longeſt keeps the Field.*
*We mean not Battel, when we bid Defiance;*
*But ſtarving one another to Compliance.*
*Our Troops encamp'd are by each other view'd,*
*And thoſe which firſt are Hungry, are ſubdu'd.*
*And there, in truth, depends the* Great Deciſion:
*They Conquer, who cut off the Foe's Proviſion.*
*Let Fools, with Knocks and Bruiſes, keep a pother;*
*Our War and Trade is to out-Wit each other.*
*But, hold: Will not the Politicians tell us,*
*That both our Conduct, and our Foreſight, fail us,*
*To raiſe Recruits, and draw new Forces down,*
*Thus in the dead Vacation of the Town?*
*To muſter up our Rhimes, without our Reaſon,*
*And forrage for an Audience out of Seaſon?*
*Our Author's Fears muſt this falſe Step excuſe;*
*'Tis the Firſt Flight of a juſt-feather'd Muſe:*
*Th' Occaſion ta'en, when Criticks are away;*
*Half Wits and Beaux, thoſe rav'nous Birds of Prey.*
*But, Heav'n be prais'd, far hence they vent their Wrath,*
*Mauling in mild Lampoon th' intriguing Bath.*
*Thus does our Author his Firſt Flight commence;*
*Thus, againſt Friends at firſt, with Foils we fence:*
*Thus prudent* Gimcrack *try'd if he were able*
*(Ere he'd wet Foot) to ſwim upon a Table.*
*Then ſpare the Youth; or if you'll damn the PLAY,*
*Let him but firſt have His; then take Your Day.*

DRAM.

# Drammatis Personæ.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Pyrrhus*, | King of *Epirus*. |
| *Helenus*, | Son to *Pyrrhus*. |
| *Dion*, | His General. |
| *Antigonus*, | King of *Macedon*. |
| *Demetrius*, | Son to *Antigonus*. |
| *Ariſteon*, | Son to the late Tyrant of *Argos*. |
| *Æmilius*, | A *Roman*. |
| *Martius*, | Another *Roman*. |

## *WOMEN:*

| | |
|---|---|
| *Lanaſſa*, | Queen of *Epire*. |
| *Antigone*, | Daughter to the King of *Macedon*. |
| *Ptolemy*, | The dead Son of *Pyrrhus*. |

Ghoſt of *Alexander* the Great.

# *PYRRHUS*

# King of EPIRUS.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The City of* Argos *beſieged by King* Pyrrhus; *the Camp of the* Epirotes *on the one ſide, and that of the* Macedonians, *who came to the Relief of it, on the other.*

Pyrrhus Solus. *The Time Night.* [*Thunder and Lightning.*

*Pyrrh.* IF Heaven is wont to mourn the Death of Princes,
And Gods above are ſenſible of Grief
For their Vicegerents here: If Nature ſickens,
And looks with ſad Concern, when impious Fate
Strikes at her Darling Sons; if Groans of Ghoſts,
That leave their empty Tombs to ſtalk on Earth,
And ſcream in open Air, are juſtly call'd
The Voice of Fate, that of the King of *Macedon*,
Or mine, is near at hand; for all the Prodigies,
And all the Horrors, that fore-run the Funerals

Of dying Heroes have been ſeen to Night.
Approach my General, why ſo ſlow a March? [Dion *entring.*
Why dwells that mournful Cloud upon your Brows?
Why look you more oppreſt with Grief than Years,
As all the Anger, and the Frowns of Heaven,
And the loud Tumult of a troubled Sky,
Could bend a Heart made firm with Age, like yours?

*Dion.* No, Royal Sir, not theſe outragious Tempeſts,
Not maſſy Bolts teach'd by the brawny Cyclops,
Hot from the flaming Forge, and driven by *Jove*
Through the ſcorch'd Skies, can ſhock your Souldier's Soul:
But oh! imagine Prince what moſt would move you,
Drive you to Rage, make you fall out with Fate,
And rail at Heav'n.

*Pyrrh.* Could any thing do this,
It were the loſs of Battle, a ſhameful Overthrow
From an inglorious Enemy.

*Dion.* You've loſt more.
Much more than this.

*Pyrrh.* There is but one that can be;
And if my Queen be ſafe, not ſlain, nor ſeized
By thoſe that forc'd Her from Her Throne in *Epirus*,
I dare the utmoſt Malice of my Deſtiny.

*Dion.* She's ſafe, and coming on apace to ſeek you:
Our outmoſt Scouts deſcry'd her glitt'ring Chariot,
Drawn by white Steeds, that ran as ſwift as Wind;
And long before that riſing Sun appear
With his full Orb of Light above yon Hill,
You'll ſee her in your Tent.

*Pyrrh.* Then be it as it will.
Thou might'ſt have told at firſt, and not have fear'd:
It would not overwhelm me.

*Dion.* To him that loves, the loſs of his Belov'd
Is Miſery enough; and to the Warriour,
Who ſeeks in bloody Fields for Fame and Glory,
An Overthrow is yet a greater Ill:
But for a Father to loſe a Princely Son;
And ſuch a Son as *Ptolemy*, ſo like his Father,
Outweighs all other Ills.

*Pyrrh.* Alas, I thought not
That Fate would wound me there.

*Dion.* Would it had ſtruck at any other Life,

Any

Any but yours; my Breath I had reſign'd
With Joy, and laid my Boſom naked for a Javelin.
Now all the Soldiers hang their drooping Heads,
Which late they bore aloft; they break their Launces,
And cry, No more to War, the Prince is gone
That taught us how to conquer; no more to Battles,
Since He who won them for us is no more.

*Pyrrh.* If they grieve thus, ſure he was well belov'd,
And died as did become him.

*Dion.* He fell ſo brave,
No Hiſtory can produce the like Example,
And no Tongue dare to ſay I'll ſhew his Equal.

*Pyrrh.* Stop not: Say on, my Soldier.

*Dion.* Sir, I dare not:
His Praiſes but renew the ſad Remembrance,
And I would ſpare your Sorrow.

*Pyrrh.* No, go on,
I bear it as I ſhould do.

*Dion.* When joyful *Sparta* ſaw your Tents took up.
And all your Camp remov'd, ſhe gave a Shout
That eccho'd to the Skies; fierce *Ptolomy* rag'd
To hear their Boaſts, and loyt'ring with ſome Troops
Far ſeparate from the Body of your Army,
The Force of *Lacedæmon* ſallied on him,
And yet he ſcorn'd to ſhun the unequal Combat.
'Twas then that he employ'd his utmoſt Strength,
Performing more than Man, none ſcap'd unhurt,
From his ſtrong Arm: His ſingle Sword flew more,
Than thoſe of all the Combatants beſides.
What could he do, by Multitudes oppreſs'd?
At length he fell, high on a heap of *Spartans*,
Whom himſelf kill'd, and ſmil'd, and look'd in Death,
As who ſhould ſay I conquered.

*Pyrrh.* One thing more,
And then eternal Peace be with Him. Tell me,
Who got his Body?

*Dion.* His Soldiers all fought round it.
When word was brought me of the fierce Engagement,
I gather'd all the Forces next at hand,
and flew to reſcue him; but all too late,
I only could revenge him, which I did;
For thouſand *Spartan* Ghoſts took flight that day

To wait on his.

*Pyrrh.* Why yet 'tis well.
He was a Soldier, and he died as ſuch,
As ſuch he ſhall be buried. See him brought hither,
That we may pay him all the Rites he merits
From a juſt King, and an indulgent Father:
And ſince Revenge and Rage inflame my Breaſt,
I vow to all the Earth, by all the Gods,
By all the Furies that are kindled in me,
To Night to lay him in his Tomb in *Argos*.

Dion *goes out, and returns with Soldiers bearing in the Prince.*

*Dion.* See here, my Lord, behold your hopes lie blaſted,
Your Darling gone, firſt of thy Royal Off-ſpring,
And moſt reſembling thee. Whom have we now,
When all thy youthful Vigour ſhall be ſpent,
Thy Arms grown tir'd with wielding of the Sword?
When old Age ſhall encroach, and ſeize thy Limbs,
Compelling thee to ſit at home in quiet?
Who then ſhall lead thy Armies to the Battel,
And conquer in thy Cauſe? Who then ſhall fight
As thou haſt done without the loſs of Glory,
That the deluded Foe ſhall find no difference
'Twixt him and Thee? Who then ſhall bring freſh Laurels
To crown the aged Temples of their King?

*Pyrrh.* Ceaſe, good old Man, ceaſe this unmanly Grief,
Leſt I mourn too; I, who would brave the Fates,
And riſe beneath the weight of all their Bolts.
Speak Comfort to me, urge me to Revenge,
And drive me to the Field: And you, his Soldiers,
Take up your Prince, and bear him to his Tent,
Attend his mournful Hearſe with weeping Eyes,
Till the loud Trumpets ſend their Notes to Heaven,
Till the Drums beat to Battel, and the big Voice
Of Vengeance calls you forth; then ruſh to Arms.
Learn to forget your Griefs in heat of Combat:
Remember not you ſaw your Leader dead;
But fight as if he conquer'd at your Head.

*Dion.* Shall we go arm our ſelves, my Lord.

*Pyrrh.* We will.
The early Sun climbs o'er the Hills apace,

His

His Beams are darted upward to the Heavens;
And the firſt God that wakes, puts forth his hand
To draw aſide the Curtains of the Skies,
And let the day light out. How many Thouſand
That riſe this dreadful Morn, all gay and healthful,
Muſt e'er it yet be Noon lie down again,
And reſt for ever. Call the *Athenian* Min'ſtrel,
I want ſome Muſick: Let me have that Song
Sung at the Royal Banquet, made in *Babylon*
The laſt great Feaſt of *Alexander*.

## SONG.

*Hark! the big Drums they beat to Battel,*
*The Voice of War is loud as Thunder.*
*Hark! How the Claſhing Armours rattle,*
*And lo! the Squadrons marching yonder.*

*Now, now they meet, the Word is given,*
*The Shields are lifted, Swords are drawn;*
*The Shouts of Warriours rend the Heaven,*
*And every Chief comes raging on.*

*Hundreds fall, and Thouſands yield,*
*Blood and Slaughter fill the Plain;*
*And Fate Triumphant through the Field,*
Coloſſus-*like*, *beſtrides the Slain.*

*The Buſineſs of the World diſpatches,*
*decided thus in ſome few hours,*
*Death quickly ends the vanquiſh'd Wretches,*
*And Laurel crowns the Conquerours.*

*Enter an Officer.*

*Dion.* Is the Queen coming? And ſo near at hand!
By *Mars* ſhe's welcome, though the firſt of the Sex
That e'er was ſo to me. My Lord, the Queen
Is in the Camp, will you not go to meet her?

*Pyrrh.* How, my Queen! *Dion*, ſee, ſhe's here already.

*Enter the Queen.*

Oh! I am the laſt in Love, as well as Honour.
Welcome my Love, by thy dear Self, a Welcome,
Great as the Man that loves like me, can give.
No Mother, that has mourn'd her long loſt Infant,
Rejoices half ſo much to find her Darling,
Or view the lovely Babe with half the Fondneſs
I look on thee.

*Queen.* Anſwer me, Gracious Heaven,
What God has ſaved my *Pyrrhus* yet unhurt,
Even in the Mouth of Slaughter? What kind Deity,
With a ſtretch'd Arm, held the broad Shield before him,
Oppos'd to Deſtiny, Does he ſtill live?
And do I live to claſp him?

*Pyrrh.* I live my Love,
And ſure I ſhall not dye now thou art come,
My better half of Life.

*Queen.* But yet I fear,
Leſt Heaven at laſt grown weary of its Favours,
Should ſullenly withdraw its bounteous hands:
And Fortune that has wound ſo many Victories
In one round and conſtant String,
Should raſhly in a Pett unravel all.

*Pyrrh.* What greater Proof could I deſire from Heaven
Of its continu'd Goodneſs, than thus to ſend thee,
The Omen of my Conqueſt? Sure ill Fate
Durſt never yet aſſume a ſhape ſo lovely,
Or put on Looks like thine.

*Queen.* Alas, my Lord,
Methoughts I met it with a dreadful Aſpect.
Late as I lay entranc'd, I ſaw you, *Pyrrhus*,
Far different, far unlike what now you are.
I thought I ſaw you ſtretch'd upon the Earth,
All pale, and ghaſtly, and your gaping Wounds
Still freſhly bleeding: All the mangled Bodies
Of your defeated Army, in heaps beſide you.
No more that awful Warriour, whoſe Name alone
Has ſhook the vaſt Foundations of the Capitol.
I ſaw you, oh my *Pyrrhus*, cold and dead,

That lovely Face beſmear'd with Blood, thoſe Lips
Faſt clos'd for ever, had not power to anſwer
To the loud moan I made you; Oh! my Lord,
How was I daunted at a ſight ſo diſmal?
I almoſt died to have dreamt it, and unable
To bear the horrid Viſion any longer,
I burſt the Chains of my diſtracted Sleep.

*Pyrrh.* 'Twas but a Dream caus'd by your tender Fears.

*Queen.* Yet by thoſe Fears,
And by the Love I bear you (and oh! if Heaven
Loved half ſo well, it would be kind and conſtant)
My bleeding heart begs of you not to fight,
But inſtantly to raiſe the fatal Siege;
For ſomething tells me with a dreadful Whiſper,
*Epirus* ne'er ſhall ſee her Monarch more.

*Pyrrh.* How art thou alter'd, Love, ſince firſt I knew thee!
Thy Spirit once was Maſculine and Brave;
Thy ſelf wer't wont to help me to my Arms,
And bid me haſten to the Glorious Field;
And when I talk'd of War, the Tale would pleaſe thee
As much as that of Love, What now has chang'd thee?

*Queen.* I am not us'd to fear; yet ſomething bodes,
I know not how, nor what; and I conjure you
By all I have heard you ſwear, by all your Sighs,
By all your Vows, deferr the great deciſion;
And if I ever had the Power to move you,
O let me charm you now, or now or never.

*Pyrrh.* Oh! hold my Love, ceaſe the unkind requeſt,
I can deny you nothing; yet I beg
You would not ask me what I muſt not grant.
You ſhou'd conſult my Honour more than thus;
When all my tow'ring Thoughts were fix'd on Glory;
When all the Languiſhings of Love were fled,
And *Mars* alone had fill'd, and ſwell'd my Breaſt,
Thus with thy Tears to cool my heated Soul,
To turn me back from the bright track of War,
And melt me down again to Woman's Fondneſs.

*Queen.* Then let it melt this obſtinate heard heart.
Thus will I fold thee in my longing Arms,
Embrace thee thus; thus ſhalt thou liſten to me:
Thus, whilſt I hang upon my *Pyrrhus*'s neck,
What loud Alarm of Drums, or what ſhrill Trumpet?

What dreadful roar of War ſhall charm him from me?

*Pyrrh.* Why doſt thou preſs me thus? Forbear to urge me,
To drive me on, and force me to deny thee:
Not fight *Lanaſſa*! What Requeſt but this
Could I refuſe thee? This I cannot grant.
Oh what, what would the murmuring Soldiers ſay,
Already rang'd, preparing for the Fight,
They wait my coming: Should I not haſte to head them,
How would they ſtorm to ſee themſelves abandon'd?

*Queen.* Enough, my Lord,
I have heard enough, and am at laſt convinc'd
My Tears are dry'd, and all my Prayers are ended.
No more will I puſh back your Coming-Glory,
Nor ſtrive to crop your growing Wreaths of Lawrel:
Go then, my *Pyrrhus*, go, and fight, and proſper,
Lead your impatient Squadrons to the Field,
Rear all your Standards, let your warlike Enſigns
Looſe all their golden Streamers to the Winds,
Ruſh to the War, may Conqueſt crown your Arms,
And your triumphant Garlands flourriſh ever.

*Pyrrh.* It ſhall be Battel now, and, by yon Heav'n,
It ſeems auſpicious, that my Love has ſaid it!
I thank thee for the Conqueſt; and methinks
Already I behold *Antigonus* vanquiſhed.
Oh! Hadſt not thou, my better Self, been willing,
Had you not ſpoke it, had your Aſſent been wanting,
I had not fought with half my uſual Bravery;
But now, Whole *Pyrrhus* pours upon the Foe,
And fights with Forces not divided now.

*Queen.* Yet grant me this, my Lord, my much lov'd *Pyrrhus*,
You muſt not, ought not to deny me this:
Swear to me by your Honour, by your Arms,
By all the Oaths a Soldier holds as Sacred;
Swear ſomewhat to enliven your fainting Queen,
That when the dreadful Tug at laſt begins,
When the laſt Trumpets urge you to the Battel,
And Arms and Heads are lop'd, and ſhivering Launces,
Sharp Spears, and all the Darts of Death fly round you,
When all your drooping Soldiers fall in Heaps;
And the tall Youths that ſtood but now erect,
Lye breathleſs on the Plain, ſwear then, my Love
To guard your own dear Life as much as poſſible,

To ſeek no Dangers Prudence bids you ſhun,
And Glory will permit, and not ruſh wilful
Into the Arms of Death. Grant me but this,
And half my Fears are vaniſh'd.

*Pyrrh.* No more, I grant you this, but ask no more.
Retire, my Love, I hear the ſhouting Soldiers
Cry for their Chief, and my old General yonder
Is come to call me hence: I go to reap
The Noble Harveſt of a bloody Field,
Whoſe Crop ſhall all be thine.

*Queen.* Succeſs attend thee,
And all the mighty Gods of War and Love
Take part with thee, guide, and direct thy Arms,
And Heav'n reſtore thee to me.

*Pyrrh.* One Embrace,
Such as the Queen of Beauty gave to *Mars*,
When he march'd forth to the Overthrow of Giants
In the Phlegrean; and doubt not, Love,
I go to Conqueſt as aſſured as his,
And will return more glorious to thy Arms,
And bring new Trophies to thee.
When after drawn in thy triumphant Carr,
Thy ſelf the beauteous Goddeſs of the War;
Whilſt Kings ſhall walk in Fetters by thy ſide,
And even the Conqueror's Self before thee bleed;
Whilſt all my Wreaths thy lovely Temples bind,
And all the Laurel-Crowns I won are thine,
And all by Crowning thee become divine.
From ev'ry part ſhall vanquiſh'd Princes come;
Thou ſhalt pronounce the Royal Captive's Doom,
Each Vaſſal ſhall bow down his ſuppliant Knee,
And all the Earth receive their Laws from thee.

[*Leads her out, and returns.*

*Enter* Helenus.

*Hel.* My Lord, the Enemy
Have all their Forces ready, and their Trumpets
Have ſounded twice to Battel.

*Pyrrh.* Did not ours ſound
As often, in anſwer to them?

*Dion.* They did:
Our Men are all in order too as theirs,
We only wait for the third Call from them;
Then ſound on our ſide too, and march to meet them.
*Pyrrh.* We'll give them the third Call our ſelves, { *Trumpets*
Not ſtay to take it from them. Sound all the Trumpets, { *ſound.*
So loud a Blaſt, that Heav'n and Earth may hear us.
What Order is *Antigonus*'s Army in?
*Hel.* Himſelf at the Head of his Auxiliaries,
The Romans marching foremoſt.
*Pyrrh. Helenus*, you have loſt a Princely Brother,
His Spirit be infuſed in thee, his Fires
Added to thine, with all thy Force revenge him;
Fight in his Cauſe, as he has done in thine,
And be a *Ptolomy* to me.
*Dion.* Heaven make him like
In all things, but his end.
*Pyrrh.* Hark, we are anſwer'd. [*Trumpets ſound.*
Now they begin to march.
*Dion.* By Heav'n, in gallant Order,
*Rome*'s Legions, and the *Macedonian Phalanx*
Are rang'd in Noble Diſcipline.
*Hel.* Methinks we move like Clouds beneath the Sky,
Driven by the breath of Winds our Fire's conceal'd
Until we come ſo near to meet, and ſtrike,
And then the Lightning follows.
*Pyrrh.* My Blood boils high,
And all my Sinews ſtretch themſelves for War:
Draw all, and follow with your lifted Sword,
Strike for the Revenge, let *Ptolomy* be the Word;
Send loud defiance forth from every Breath,
And wound as ſharply, and as ſure as Death. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

# Act II.

*Enter* Antigonus, Demetrius, Ariſteon, Martius.

*Antig.* IS *Pyrrhus* then invincible, and does the Fortune
Of *Alexander* wholly wait on him?
He marches as ſecurely on to Battels,
As others do to Triumphs, and he wins them,
As ſure as if he were a God, exalted
Above the Chance of War.
*Dem.* He is the Darling of it,
The beſt-lov'd Son of *Mars*; our *Macedonians*
That once knew how to conquer, fly from him
As *Perſians* did from them.
*Mart.* My two beſt Legions
Are loſt entirely, and the reſt ſo ſhatter'd,
They are not ſerviceable. Imperial *Rome*,
In the wide Progreſs of her ſpreading Arms,
Has never met ſuch ſtops as now ſhe finds,
When e'r ſhe encounters *Epirus*'s King.
*Antig.* All his Succeſs is wonderful, himſelf
Does things prodigious, and beyond belief:
An Army led by ſuch a King, ſo daring,
That goes the foremoſt on, and fights the firſt,
With his own Sword, opening the way to Victory,
Muſt needs prevail.
*Ariſt.* I fought him in the Battel,
And found him to my Coſt; his ſecond Blow
Struck me to Earth, ſo weightily, that I fanſy'd
All Heav'n was fall'n upon me.
*Dem.* I ſaw him then,
When he rode ſwiftly through your *Argive* Troops,
As fatal as the Lightning, and as faſt,
And diſtributing Deaths like *Jove* himſelf.
*Antig.* Now we lie here beſieg'd, ſhut up in Walls,
And have not Forces left to take the Field,
'Tis doubtful if theſe Ramparts can withſtand him,

Till Succours ſhall ariſe.

*Ariſt.* *Argos* to him
Will be as *Oxydrate* to *Alexander*;
Yet Victor as he is, we will reſiſt him,
And put the War on the extremeſt Proof,
When he dare try it.

*Dem.* That will be to Night;
For I am told he ſwore to interr his Son
In the Goddeſs *Juno*'s Temple.

*Mart.* No doubt he'll act
As boldly as he vows.

*Antig.* 'Tis almoſt certain
He will aſſault us here this very Night.
The Trumpet that we ſent him is return'd;
But Truce is only granted till the Night,
And that ſpeaks ſomething.

*Dem.* The Gates are open'd,
And the glad *Argives* walk about in Fields,
Where an hour ſince it had been Death to tread;
Already they begin to taſte the breath
Of the refreſhing Peace.

*Mart.* Soldiers on either ſide,
That very lately fought with mortal hatred,
Now join in friendly Meetings.

*Ariſt.* Yonder I think,
Two of a nobler Aſpect than the reſt,
Seem to come ſtrait to us; I know their Arms,
The ſame the Prince and General wore in Battel.

*Antig.* When you are met, I charge you to be careful
How you obſerve the Peace; let nothing break it.
No Words inrage you, and no Rage tranſport you
To violate our Truce; but when it ends,
Appear your ſelves again, reſume your Fury
Fiercer than ever; Summon all your Forces
For one great blow to crown the dreadful Upſhot.
Prepare th'extremeſt Chance of War to try,
Reſolve to conquer, or reſolve to die. [*Exit* Antigonus.

*Enter* Helenus, Dion.

*Dem.* Much ſweeter are the looks of gentle Peace
Than thoſe of horrid War.

*Hel.*

*Hel.* One of them
Looks like ſome Beauty in her beſt attire,
With all her richeſt Ornaments upon her;
The other like ſome rough and unhewn Warriour,
Clad in hard Iron.
*Mart.* Not long ſince it was dangerous for the beſt of us
To meet ſo near: We now may join our hands,
And claſp each others warlike Arms unhurt;
Which was not ſo this Morning.
*Dion.* And will not be this Night.
*Ariſt.* Short as you pleaſe, we are ready to receive you.
*Dem.* Till then all Peace, huſh'd as the Sea becalm'd;
For ſo ſhould we look now: No angry Frown
On our ſmooth Brows, no Fury in our Eyes,
Nothing of Enemy in us.
*Hel.* By *Mars* I am pleas'd
That we meet thus.
*Ariſt.* The Conquerors may be pleas'd,
And proud on't too, and chiefly ſuch as take it
A kind of Triumph to them.
*Dion.* We take it not as ſuch,
Although we are the Conquerors.
*Ariſt.* When you've won all, you may.
*Hel.* And all is Ours
To very little.
*Dem.* Leſs than that little we have,
Has oftentimes been known to bring back all.
*Ariſt.* *Argos* is ours, a formidable City,
The Walls are large, and high, and Men within them
That dare defend them.
*Hel.* And there are thoſe without
As daring to aſſault them.
*Dion.* And you have prov'd,
They are not to be ſcorn'd; this day is witneſs
To the great Fall of Thirty thouſand Soldiers
Of *Argos*, *Rome*, and *Macedon*, and they lie yet
Unburied in theſe Fields.
*Dem.* Heav'n was againſt us:
But the next time Fortune may ſmile on our ſide,
And lop a greater number of your Armies
Than we loſt from ours.

*Ariſt.* to *Helenus.*] And Prince I tell you,
Whilſt I wear this, and whilſt theſe hands can wield it,
You ſhall not be a Conqu'rour.
*Hel.* 'Tis a large Promiſe
More than a ſingle Sword can e'er perform.
I ſaw yours drawn to day with thouſand others
As able as it ſelf; yet through them all
We found the way to Victory.
*Ariſt.* Yet there is a Quarrel
We muſt decide our ſelves, when not an Eye
Is by to ſee us, nor a hand to hinder,
There thou ſhalt not be Victor;
*Hel.* Name it to me,
And be aſſured thou ſhalt be met.
*Ariſt. Antigone.*
*Hel.* Ha! what of her?
*Ariſt.* She never ſhall be yours.
*Hel.* Who ſhall hinder?
*Ariſt.* I will.
*Hel.* You cannot, dare not do't.
*Ariſt.* By Heav'n, I can and dare; nay more I will.
Think where ſhe is, in *Argos*, in a Place
Where I have Pow'r, where thou ſhalt never come;
And now deſpair.
*Hel.* Were *Argos* Walls as high
As huge *Olympus* top, their tow'ring Battlements
Hid in the Clouds, and reaching up to Heav'n,
A Love like mine would find a ſpeedy way
How to ſurmount them.
*Ariſt.* I laugh at thee.
*Hel.* Thou dareſt not,
Not for thy Life: Oh! Love.
*Ariſt.* You ſee I do.
*Hel.* But thou ſhalt end it with thy Love and Life, [*Both Draw.*
All three deſtroy'd at once. [*Ariſt. wounded.*
*Dion.* Ha, Sirs, in time of Truce, is this like brave Men?
Help to diſarm them. Prince is this the Honour
You do your Father's Name? When he makes Peace,
Are you the firſt to break it?
*Hel.* Had he been by,
Or *Jove* with all his Thunder in his hand,
I had acted as I did.

*Dion*

*Dem.* Both of the Kings are diſobey'd alike
By both the Princes; but no more of this,
Suſpend your Fury only till the Night,
And you may then diſcharge it all with Honour
Each on his Foe.

*Dion.* And I promiſe, Prince of *Argos*,
*Helenus* ſhall not then decline the Combat,
Although he ought not to purſue it now.

*Hel.* By Heav'n I'll ſeek thee in the mouth of Death,
On top of all thoſe Ramparts, which thou ſaid'ſt
I ne'er ſhou'd climb, and hurl thee down as *Jove*
Did Giants from the Skies.

*Ariſt.* Remember this.

*Hel.* I will, or curſe me Gods; make me the Scorn
And Sport of every Coward, if I not ſeek thee,
And carefully as Fate, that ſurely finds:
In War and Love may I be never bleſt,
And may ſhe loath me whom I love the beſt.

[*Exeunt* Demetrius, Ariſteon.

*Manent* Helenus, Dion.

*Hel.* 'Tis yet ſome Comfort that I know my Rival;
Which known he dies. I'll after him, and end him:
Too certainly he loves her, and perhaps
She may love him; ſhe may, ſhe is a Woman,
A Sex that may be falſe: The impious Thought
Almoſt diſtracts me: I'll go learn the Truth.
General, farewel.

*Dion.* Ha! Whither go you, Prince?
That is the way to *Argos*.

*Hel.* I go to *Argos*.

*Dion.* What, to a City in an Enemy's hands?
Beleagur'd by our Selves, a Hoſtile Town
That wou'd be greedy of ſo rich a Prey,
And ſure to keep you Priſoner. Come, by Heav'n,
You ſhall not go.

*Hel.* By Heav'n, you ſhall not hinder,
And therefore let me paſs.

*Dion.* I barr you thus,
And will not give you way.

*Hel.* Say not again you will not;
For I will have it.

*Dion,*

*Dion.* I were mad my ſelf
If I gave way to Mad-men.
*Hel.* Old ſtubborn Man, as impotent as envious,
Were not thy Vigour gone, thy Veins grown dry,
And every drop of ſprightly Blood exhauſted,
And can'ſt not meet my Arms with equal Forces,
I would puniſh thee for this.
*Dion.* Oh! that thou wert not Son to God-like *Pyrrhus*,
The Man I love of all the World the beſt,
And even above it all, and next to Heav'n,
This aged Arm, and withered as it is,
Could I make cruſh the Man that dares to tempt it.
*Hel.* Do you know me?
*Dion.* Aye, better than you do your ſelf,
And love you more.
*Hel.* You ſeem not to do either.
Remember I'm Heir to the *Epiran* Crown:
Long may my Father wear it; but when he dies,
If I ſurvive, 'tis mine, and thou eſteem'd
No other than a Traytor.
*Dion.* Thou'rt worſe,
A Traytor to thy Father, and thy King;
And Ruine to thy ſelf.
*Hel.* Yet let me paſs.
*Dion.* Your Actions have enraged me ſo of late,
That what you do, does not concern me now.
Go where you pleaſe; for I will to the King,
And tell him all.
*Hel.* Tell what thy Malice can,
Perverſe old Dotard, paſt the Years of Manhood.
*Dion.* Thy Father ſhall know what thou art. I'll tell him
How you firſt broke the Truce; how in the Battel,
When I had fingled out the King of *Macedon*,
And held my Sword advanc'd above his head
Ready to ſtrike, and put a happy end
To the Long War,
You ruſh'd betwixt, and ſtopp'd my falling Arm,
And cry'd out, Spare the King.
*Hel.* In that I did
Nothing, but what was due to Royal Blood;
Kings are too ſacred, and too dear to Heav'n
To fall by impious hands.

*Dion.*

*Dion.* You lov'd the Daughter,
And therefore ſav'd the Father. Curs'd Love,
The bane of gallant Deeds and gallant Men:
Good Gods! that any one ſo form'd for Greatneſs
As this moſt excellent, but unhappy Prince,
Deſign'd by Heav'n for all imperial Dignities,
Caſt in the nobleſt Mold, and ſtamp'd divine,
No Fault through all his Frame, the beſt of Princes,
And braveſt Soldier, ſhould be loſt by Love.
Remember but your Brother *Ptolemy*,
Your Royal Father wiſh'd you were like him,
And oh! I beg of all the Gods you were.
Would he do this, would he forſake his Honour,
And leave a conqu'ring Army for a Woman!
O think what pains I took to inſtruct your Youth
In the great Trade of War, and how I joy'd
To ſee the noble Art improv'd in you;
Then call the old Man, Dotard, paſt his Manhood,
Thank me in Terms like theſe.

*Hel.* Forgive me, General,
Shame and Diſtraction ſeize me both at once.
I know not what to ſay; alas, I know not
What I reſolv'd to do, you've held a Mirror,
And ſhewn me to my ſelf, and I am foul
As She I love is fair.

*Dion.* Return with me
Back to our Camp, and all again is well;
Where you ſhall meet in Triumph all the Chiefs
Shining in Golden Arms, the Prancing Steeds
Bearing with Pride their Riders on their Backs,
And neighing to the ſound of Warlike Trumpets,
Whilſt all the joyful Soldiers loudly anſwer
In Songs of *Io Paan.*

*Hel.* How little ſhall I ſhare the general Joy,
That have the Foe within me. Do but view me,
And think that when a Conqueror grieves as I do,
Even whilſt his Arms are on him, and his Sword
Still ſtain'd with Blood, nothing but Love cou'd cauſe it.

*Dion.* I ſee it plain you love her too, too well:
But Glory us'd to be the charming Miſtreſs,
And moſt admir'd by Princes; ſlight not that
For any other Idol.

*Hel.* Heav'n can witneſs,
That tho' I love her more, far more than Life,
Yet I love Honour better than them both.
*Dion.* Why did you then go to throw that away,
Even when you were not certain of the other,
And raſhly run to Dangers which had coſt you
Your Life and all?
*Hel.* O do not preſs me thus;
My guilty Soul wou'd loſe the black Remembrance,
But you take care to keep it ſtill alive.
*Dion.* No, it ſhall die for me; and ſince I ſee you
So ſenſible of Honour, ſo nice of that,
In heighth of Love I will my ſelf inſtruct you
To farther your Deſigns.
*Hel.* Oh tell me how,
My good General, tell me, and your Prince
Shall bleſs thoſe aged lips that gave the Counſel.
*Dion.* See her no more.
*Hel.* Again you daſh me
Down from the top of my aſpiring hopes
Into the loweſt Valley of Deſpair.
*Dion.* Nay, hear me out; not ſee her till the Night:
To Night, when your great Father bids us arm,
And march to mount yon Walls; then you ſhall go
The foremoſt on, to ſeize your lovely Prize,
Revenge your Brother, and receive *Antigone.*
*Hel.* Oh! you have fired me; by the Gods, I wiſh
The Night already come: Fall down thou Sun
From Heav'ns high Battlements, to Seas beneath;
And the kind Heav'ns draw all your darkeſt Curtains
Around your ſhining Orbs, and ſhut in day;
For I will do ſuch moſt amazing Deeds,
As are not fit for your bright eyes to view.
Yon *Argos* ſhall be levell'd in the Duſt,
Flames in her Tow'rs, and Murder in her Streets,
Death in all Forms, and horrid in them all;
Only my Love be free, in general Ruine,
Whom I will bear ſafe through th'wondring Flames,
Whilſt the ſcorch'd Dæmons of the Air ſhall beg
For ſuch a Champion to relieve themſelves.
*Dion.* Prince, I dare truſt you farther yet than this;
I know you truly noble; only ſwear,

That

That if I let you go to her you love,
As you may do disguis'd in time of Truce,
Swear to return when the first Trumpets call,
And the Alarm is heard; not lose your Part
In the great Action, swear by something sacred,
And you have leave to go.

*Hel.* By all that's sacred,
By her I love, I swear I will return,
Though from the clasping Arms of her I love.

*Dion.* Remember only this, and then farewel:
Behold yon Ramparts higher than the rest;
'Tis there your Father storms, be sure be there.

*Hel.* Doubt not I will, only till then adieu.
I go with none but lambent Fires to love;
But will return with burning heat to Battel,
And all my rising Spirits turn'd for Glory.
Glory and Love usurp my ravish'd Soul,
They have my heart, and they possess it whole. [*Exit.*

*Dion.* I let him go, and yet Heav'n knows how loth;
But had I not, his noble Heart had broke.
He is brave, and worthy of his Royal Birth;
And were it not for Love, the most accomplish'd,
And neerest to a God, of any Mortal,
Penurious Heav'n, and ye so timorous Deities,
That dare not suffer this one gallant Youth
To be completely perfect, lest he draw
Your Adoration from you; no, you dare not
Grant your Assent, that ought of Humane Race
Shou'd ev'ry ways be happy; then alas
He were too like your selves; What other blemish,
But that of Love has tainted him? Woman, Woman,
Whence comes your Empire over us? Whence the Power
That chains us all your Slaves? Sure we at first
Were meant the Masters; but by some strange turn,
Some most prodigious Whirl of unfix'd Fate,
The subtil Sex has chang'd the Laws of Heav'n.
Heav'n, when it made them, meant them to obey,
Design'd them Slaves, who now have learnt to sway:
To them the Hero's of the Earth fall down,
Pleas'd when they smile, but dying if they frown:
To them we offer up our frequent Prayers;
They move above our Heads in higher Spheres,
And the large Rule of all the World is theirs. [*Exit.*

## Act III. Scene I.

*Enter* Ariſteon *with* Antigone.

*Ariſt.* What Pleaſure could a tender Soul like yours
Receive from looking on the diſmal Objects
Thoſe Fields afford?
*Antig.* That wretched one of Pity.
*Ariſt.* Shou'd I have ſhar'd your Pity, lovely Princeſs,
Had I lain there high on the fatal heap,
Th'upmoſt of th'Dead?
*Antig.* No doubt you ſhou'd:
I mourn for ev'ry gallant Man that falls,
Serving his King and Country.
*Ariſt.* How much more ſhou'd you mourn me?
I, who ſerve none but you;
I, who am ſubject to no King nor Country,
Whom no Ambition, no Deſire of Glory,
Drives to the Field, no Luſt of Sovereign Power,
But only your Defence has drawn my Sword.
Oh! give me now the Pity that I beg,
Now while I live, to ſave me from the Death
You ſay you'd mourn.
*Antig.* I do not ſee you need it:
You have my Father's Thanks, the Army's Praiſe;
That might ſuffice a Soldier.
*Ariſt.* Oh! *Antigone*,
There is another Name would make me prouder,
Than Soldier, Chief, or Conqueror.
*Antig.* The laſt of thoſe
Might have been ſpar'd; for you maintain it ill.
*Ariſt.* No wonder that the Victory was not ours,
Since you, nor wiſh it were, nor pray'd it ſhould be,
How ſhould our Arms prevail?
*Antig.* How dare you to tax me
With that Impiety? I wiſh'd the War
Were at an end; I wiſh'd as did become me.

*Ariſt.* Oh! Madam, if I durſt explain your meaning,
Which of the Armies was your chief Concern,
And which you offer'd up your Prayers for moſt?
It ſhould be that you wiſh the King of *Epirus*
A Conqu'ror here in *Argos*, o'er your Father,
Rather than that his Son, the lov'd *Helenus*,
Shou'd fall on *Argive* Swords.

*Antig.* Leſt you interpret
My Thoughts with ſo much boldneſs any longer,
And to confound you more than doubt can do,
Learn the moſt ſecret Wiſhes of my Soul;
I pray'd my Father might return in ſafety
From all the Dangers of the bloody Field:
Heav'n heard me; and it ſent th'Prince you nam'd,
When he ſtood moſt in need of ſuch an Aid,
To ſave him from the then deſcending Sword.
My Pray'rs were next for ſafety of th'Prince,
Who ſav'd my Father: You might had the ſame
For the ſame Action; but your Arms were buſy'd
At too great diſtance to have brought relief.

*Ariſt.* Curſe on my Stars, that give my Rival all,
All the Occaſions to be brave and noble,
And will allow me none.

*Antig.* Acknowledge rather
The Stars are equally the Friends of both:
'Tis only he takes care to ſeize on all,
While you with heedleſs Eyes let all paſs by.

*Ariſt* Yet this ſame Prince, whoſe Cauſe you plead ſo well,
Your Father does eſteem his mortal Foe,
And will purſue his hated Life as ſuch.

*Antig.* Now you've charg'd him with that foul Ingratitude,
As you did me before, with want of Piety:
Be judge your ſelf, whether the Prince of *Epirus*,
Or you are moſt our Enemy.

*Ariſt.* This Night will ſhow't.
My Orders are to guard the Palace-Gates,
Where you are lodg'd; and be aſſur'd I'll die
In your Defence rather than yield you up;
And will your Prince's Proofs of Love be ſuch?
When you ſhall ſee him breathing bold defiance,
March his *Epiran* Army to your Doors,
Slaught'ring your Subjects in your very ſight,

And ſcatter Fires about the flaming City,
Nor ſpare the gilded Rooſs that cover you.
*Ant.* If I muſt loſe my liberty at night
To be your Priſoner, leave it me till then;
Yet thus much I may tell before I go,
I'll make my Duty, and my Love agree,
As much at variance as they ſeem to be:
All I ſhall pray for in the fatal Strife,
Shall be my Father's and my Prince's Life:
To you, immortal Gods, the reſt I truſt,
You beſt know how to act, and will be juſt. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Helenus.

*Hel.* Thus far I have paſs'd unknown by all their Guards;
But Love, that adds more ſharpneſs to the ſight
Has made the Prince of *Argos* find me out.
I ſee he knows me, and it is as vain
As baſe to fly.
*Ariſt.* Ha! wou'd you ſhun me, Prince?
Think not, that this Diſguiſe can keep you hid
From piercing Eyes like mine.
*Hel.* I wou'd not have it.
Next to th'meeting thoſe I came to ſeek,
I'm glad to meet with thee: Make no Enquiries;
For whatſoever was my Errand hither,
This is my Buſineſs now. [*Draws.*
*Ariſt.* So forward, Sir?
You know not that you are within th'Walls,
Where at my Call, my Slaves cou'd come, and cruſh you,
Without my trouble to unſheath my Sword.
*Hel.* I know it, and that drives me forward yet
To end with thee, e'er thy baſe odds arrive,
And puſh this Ghoſt before me down the Shades. [*Fight.*
*Ariſt.* (Wounded) The firſt, the ſecond time diſarm'd:
Gods: ye are kind, do but take Life and all,
And then I'll thank you.
*Hel.* They have ſpar'd you that,
And I reſtore you this.
*Ariſt.* I ſcorn to take it;
I ſcorn to owe my Life, or Arms to thee.
*Hel.* You ſhall not need, for I firſt ow'd you mine;

I do

I do but pay the Debt.
*Ariſt.* Inſtruct me, Sir,
*Hel.* When you reſolv'd to fight me hand to hand,
And drew not in your Multitudes upon me,
Then I was made your Debtor.
*Ariſt.* What! then you thought your ſelf ſecure from harm
In ſingle Combat with me, proud Triumpher?
*Hel.* No, but I knew you cou'd ſecurely vanquiſh,
By calling in your Guards.
*Ariſt.* And cou'dſt thou think
So meanly of me, that I wou'd uſe their aid?
*Hel.* I ſtill expected what thou did'ſt; and what,
Had I met thee within my Father's Camp,
I too had done.
*Ariſt.* Now I'm loſt indeed:
Whilſt I found Rage and Fury like my own,
I cou'd ſtorm on; but Kindneſs melts me down.
Give me thine hand, and tell me, gen'rous Prince,
Your noble Carriage forces me to ask you;
Say, is it poſſible we can be Friends?
*Hel.* Not whilſt we love, and hardly whilſt we live.
Glory and Love makes us eternal Foes;
Which ſhould we ſtrive to meet, like raging Seas,
Wou'd ruſh between our Fold, and throw us far aſunder.
*Ariſt.* What ſhall we do?
*Hel.* Why? One of us muſt die
To make the other happy.
*Ariſt.* On thoſe Terms then,
I take my forfeit Sword: We'll meet to Night,
Reſolve to end our difference in our Death;
And leſt the Darkneſs ſhou'd not make diſtinctions,
*Antigone* be th'Word, and this th'Place;
*Hel.* That charming Name ſhall draw me to th'Combat,
Ev'n from the Rere of all my hindmoſt Troops;
The very mention of it wings me to thee,
Swift as it flies to me.
*Ariſt.* You will not fail.
*Hel.* I will not, tho' my Father ſhou'd deferr
His purpos'd Storm; tho' I were ſure I mov'd
To certain Ruine, and a thouſand Prodigies
Foretold my Fall, tho' all th'Skies forewarn'd me,
Heav'n flam'd above, and the Earth yawn'd beneath,

I'll

I'll on to win my Love, or meet my Death.

*Ariſt.* Stay, generous Prince, I owe a mighty Sum,
And have a Soul that ſcorns to be ungrateful:
Oh! what, what Reparation can I make?

*Hel.* That of your Sword to Night.

*Ariſt.* That heaps on more,
And plunges deeper in th'deſperate Debt.
I owe e'en that to you, nor can I turn
The fatal Point againſt the Prince that gave it;
Yet there is a way, but a dear coſtly way,
At a large over-rate, to pay back all.
May I not gueſs your Buſineſs was to *Argos*
To ſee the Princeſs?

*Hel.* I muſt confeſs it was.

*Ariſt.* Down, ſwelling heart; Oh! Heav'n, I wou'd do ſomething,
But that my ſtruggling Soul rebells within me:
It ſhall, it ſhall have vent; Go ſee the Princeſs,
She only waits till ſhe ſees me withdrawn,
To fly into your Arms; but then remember
Your gallant Uſage is repay'd with Int'reſt.
And we may fight again with boundleſs hatred.
I grudge the Ranſome, that I give for Life;
But go, e'er I repent, and beg to die.
Go now, the great, unwilling Grant is paſt;
And, oh! believe I let you look your laſt. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter* Helenus *with* Antigone.

*Hel.* Oh! my *Antigone*, after ſix Year's Abſence;
A tedious Age in the Records of Time,
But vaſtly longer in Accounts of Love.
What ſhall I ſay, to tell thee that my Soul
Is full with Joy, how ſhall I pour it forth
In Thanks to Heav'n, that in one happy Moment
Has recompenc'd an Age of Torments paſt?
To ſee thee ſtill the ſame, no Beauty faded:
To ſee this matchleſs Truth, to ſee thee mine,
Is all the Gods cou'd grant, or I cou'd ask.

*Anig.* Nor are my Joys and Tranſports leſs than yours.
I give an equal ſhare of Thanks to Heav'n,
And equal Love to thee; but oh! my Lord,
I can't ſee you in an Enemy's Town,
(Such I muſt think them, who are ſo to you)
Without a great allay of Grief and Fear.

*Hel*

*Hel.* The Gods have yet preſerv'd us from our Youth;
Should we miſtruſt them now, by that we break
The League our ſelves, and fall out firſt with Heaven.
No, Love; the Powers above are Juſt and Kind,
And when they mould, ſuch heavenly forms as yours,
They grow our Rivals in their Beauteous work,
And place the Careſull'ſt Genius for your guard.
*Ant.* I fear not for my ſelf, for you I fear,
Expoſed to all the horrid rage of War,
In Bloody Fields, the Shaft that reaches you,
Brings Death to both, for it would wound me too.
*Hel.* Vaniſh ſuch Thoughts, and let the little time
That Heav'n allows, be wholly ſpent in Love:
Speak then, but ſpeak the tend'reſt things you can,
Such as did firſt expreſs our Infant Paſſions,
When I Return'd from our laſt Wars in *Macedon*,
Laden with Spoils, and you my Richeſt Prize,
Were made my Priſoner, in my Father's Court.
*Ant.* Oh! would this War, had ſuch an End as that,
And I again your Captive.
*Hel.* You had the Name,
And oh! the Name of Captive was too much,
Too much for you to bear, but ſtill, my Love,
'Twas I that drag'd the Chains, and drag them ſtill.
*Ant.* That happy time firſt Joyn'd our youthful hearts,
And oh! may none divide them.
*Hel.* No time, *Antigone*,
No date of Years ſhall make our Flames expire,
But Every one that lengthens out our lives,
Shall add unto our loves.
*Ant.* Hear heav'n, and Judge us then, the happy'ſt Pair
Your hands have made; and oh! if I prove falſe,
Falſe to the Prince to whom I give my Soul,
And Life, and Love; may that deteſted Name
I ſcorn to mention, brand me whil'ſt I live.
*Hel.* Oh! hear me too, and let our Vows aſcend
Together to your Skies, and ſome good God
Enroll them there, if ever I forget thee,
If I neglect to pay that awful Love,
I only Swear to thee, or ever look
With the leaſt wiſhing glance, on other Beauties,
May Fortune, in my Battles, Change like me;

May Fame fly from me, and I fly from Fame;
May all my Laurels wither on my brows,
And Cowards ſnatch them thence.

*Ant.* Methinks, at two ſuch Paſſions Heav'n ſhould ſmile,
The Jocund Orbs roul on in better Order,
The Earth be wrapt in quiet, War ſhould Ceaſe,
And Golden Peace be Proſp'rous.

*Hel.* Oh! go on,
Speak yet a little more, a little longer,
For by the Gods, that liſten to our talk,
'Tis Heav'n to me to hear you, not the Tongues
Of Deities plead ſo well, my Heart leaps up,
And pants at all you utter, each pointed Syllable,
From thoſe dear lovely Lips, runs to my Soul,
And Circles in my Blood.

*Ant.* Remember, Love,
What golden days we at *Epirus* paſt,
When every Rouling day brought new Delights,
Sometimes we trod the Mazes of the Woods,
And ſometimes ſtretch'd beneath a ſpreading Shade,
We lay, and liſten'd to each others talk.
Sometimes we heard the Huntſman's diſtant Voice,
And in one Chariot both purſu'd the Chace;
And ſometimes ſailing in a gilded Barge,
We ſaw the pleaſing Wonders of the deep.
Ambitious Waves, that ſtrove to climb the Rocks
That bound them in, and roar'd to be repuls'd,
And Monſters mounted on the back of Waves,
When with full Sails, returning to the Court,
You'd point me out, the then deſcending Sun,
Scatt'ring his beams about him, as he ſinks,
And gilding Heav'n above, and Seas beneath
With paint, no mortal Pencil can expreſs,
And ſtill our Talk was Love.

*Hel.* Remember too, how I alarm'd your Soul,
When I began the harſh diſcourſe of War;
The hazards that my Youth has yet eſcap'd,
With all my earlieſt Combats in the Field,
Here was my firſt appearance in my Arms,
Here my firſt Actions, ſuch my firſt Command,
Here wounded, and diſmounted from my Horſe,
My Father timely reſcu'd me from Death,

Then

Then would you Claſp me in your fearful Arms,
And ſtart at every mention of my Danger,
And beg, with trembling Lips, to end my Story.
*Ant.* Stop, ſtop it now, for all my fears return,
At the ſad thought of what is yet to come,
The gath'ring Clouds urge on approaching Night,
Which falls with baleful influence o'er the Earth,
It labours with the Birth its Womb contains,
Which ſoon muſt be diſclos'd: methinks I ſee it,
Soldiers, and Chiefs, all mingled in the War,
A Thouſand Deaths among them, and you, my Prince,
In the thick preſs, amidſt a Thouſand Dangers.
Gods! Gods! preſerve my too, too venturous Love.
*Hel.* 'Tis done, they cannot hear you beg in vain,
Thou ſhalt behold me come with Conqueſt back,
Crowns in my gift, to place upon thy Head,
And Kingdoms to diſpoſe of at your Feet.
*Ant.* I take the happy Omen from your ſelf,
Your ſprightly looks, your dauntleſs mein, and geſture,
Your Every Action ſpeaks a ſure Succeſs,
Yet, Oh! let me remember Duty ſtill
In all the hotteſt fury of the Fight,
Even then, when mercileſs Death makes no diſtinctions,
My Father, and my Brother, be your Care,
As you are Heav'ns, and mine.
*Hel.* They die that dare
Once offer at their lives; ſhould *Pyrrhus* ſelf
Engage them in the Fight, I'd ſtop his Sword,
And ſeize his thund'ring Arm.
*Ant.* Good Heav'n defend them,
And Chiefly you, for oh! thy Death, my Love.
*Hel.* Again that fear?
*Ant.* Forgive me for 'tis paſt,
And yet it makes me weep, to think we're mortal,
That the Cold hand of Death, at laſt muſt come,
That two, who love as we do, ſhould be forc'd
Ever to part, the Rent will be like that
Of Soul and Body.
*Hel.* Fate is yet far off,
It ſeems aloof, as on ſome diſtant Coaſt,
And all the Darts it hurls, are ſwallow'd up
In the wide Seas that roul betwixt us,

We may enjoy whole Ages in our Loves
E're it can reach us here, but when at laſt,
Our death, that neceſſary Ill, will happen,
We'll take our flight together.
When thou by pleaſant Journeys ſhalt arrive
To thoſe bleſt Seats, where all the happy live,
Whilſt all the ſhining Hoſt of Heaven make room,
Wait at their Azure gates, till thou ſhalt Come.
Then ſhall ſome God, the Chiefeſt, moſt Divine,
And moſt Imperial of the Heavenly Line,
Receive thee in his Arms, and lead thee in,
Whilſt all the Joyful Powers, no longer poor,
Smile at their Wealth, proud of their new got Store,
And never were ſo vaſtly rich before.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV.

*Enter* Pyrrhus *and* Dion.

[*Thunder and Lightning.*

*Pyrrh.* THE Day is fled, and diſmal Night deſcends,
Caſting her Sable Arms around the World,
And folding all within her deadly Graſp,
Ghoſts are abroad, the Monuments are emptied,
And Heroes, that have ſlept till now, have left
Their quiet Tombs, and once more walk the Earth.

*Dion.* All this is Strange, yet all is as it ought to be.
Methinks, when two ſuch Rival Armies meet,
As *Macedons*, and ours, the high Concern
Of Heav'n ſhould be no leſs: methinks the Clouds
Should melt and rain down Blood, and Gods ſhould mourn,
In all the Pomp of Grief, their ſlaughter'd Sons.

*Pyrrh.* And yet, my General, all this rack of Heaven,
Thoſe burning Orbs, and the loud Peals of Thunder,
Thoſe ſtarting Stars, and yonder falling Meteors,
Are Common things to us, the uſual huddle
Of Jarring Elements: but how, my General,
How do the Souldiers bear them?

*Dion.*

*Dion.* They rear themſelves from Earth
Streight as the Spears, and brave as you can wiſh;
All put their Gauntlets on, and graſp their Armour,
All Eager for the Onſet.
*Pyrrh.* There's Life in this.
Go, and prepare them for the Noble grapple,
And I will March them on. [*Exit* Dion.
Ye Gods? I pay Juſt Reverence to your Altars;
I bow with awfull Worſhip to Your ſhrines,
And more ſubmiſſion than my ſlaves ſhow me,
But when ſome Infant Power, ſome puny Deity,
Some Ape of *Jove*, that's fond of making miſchief,
Aſſerts your Empire, and your Rule of heav'n,
And with weak hands toſſes your fires about,
Forgive me, if I cannot ſtoop to Fear,
But, ſpite of Prodigies, purſue the War.

*The Ghoſt of* Alexander *the Great Riſes before him all in Armour.*

[*Thunder and Lightning.*

*Ghoſt.* Well does this Noble Confidence become you,
And Oh! it glads the Soul of the dead *Alexander*,
To ſee you thus, behold you thus unmov'd,
Even when the Powers above are at a loſs
Which way to turn themſelves.
*Pyrrh.* Ha! *Alexander*,
Thou ſhould'ſt be He, and yet how Chang'd, how alter'd
From what thou wert alive? Oh! for what Cauſe
Haſt thou forſook the Manſions where thy Spirit
Had room to extend it ſelf, and rove at large,
While we walk here, Encomber'd with a Body,
That holds our Souls from mounting to the Skyes,
And barrs all Converſe with our Kindred Gods?
*Ghoſt.* My Love and Care for thee, the braveſt Prince,
I Left to ſhare my Conqueſts on this Earth,
Has drawn me hither, to impart the News
Of warm Debates betwixt the Courts above,
And thoſe beneath, the Realms of *Jove* and Fate,
To tell thee, tho thou yet draw'ſt vital Air,
Canſt from thy Tent behold the Marſhal'd Squadrons,
And lead the Warlike *Phalanx* to the Field,
Mun ſhortly leave all this, and be at laſt,
Juſt ſuch as I am.

*Pyrrh.*

*Pyrrh.* I ſee you full of fate, your Eyes confeſs it,
Yet I Conjure you to deliver all,
For I Dare here the Utmoſt: Speak, Oh! Speak,
Tell me what means this anger of the heav'ns,
Why did the Eve deſcend ſo diſmal dark?
Why not one Star, to glimmer through the Skyes?
Why falls thoſe Clouds ſo thick? Why ſits the Night
So heavy on the brows of bended Mountains?

*Ghoſt.* I lookt within the Records of the Fates,
Where the appointed Lives, and Deaths of Heroes,
Are written down by an Unerring hand.
I turn'd to yours, and found it full of Glory:
Still as I ſearch'd the farther, every Page
Still pointed to New Conqueſts; here was Mark'd
Your Victory over *Rome*, and here again
Another follow'd, ſtill the Voluminous Leaves
Contain'd no mention, but of your Succeſs:
Here *Sicily* is ſubdu'd, here *Greece* is Conquer'd,
Here *Argos* Storm'd and Won, but after that.
The fatal Hiſtory ended moſt abruptly.
Here *Pyrrhus* Dies.

*Pyrrh.* What time or date prefix'd?

*Ghoſt.* No Certain one was Fix'd, as I could learn,
But at a Council lately held beneath,
Although the grand Reſult was hid from me,
One of the Siſters, that had more of honour,
More reſolute Fate, and a more ſettled fury,
In the ſtern looks, than any of the Reſt,
Was heard to Cry, where Daring *Pyrrhus* 'ſpies
A Bull and Wolf, in Combat there he dies.

*Pyrrh.* How ſhall I ſhun the Omen! rather ſay,
How Can I meet it? Beaſts diſtinct in Nature.
A Bull, and Wolfe, how they ſhould come to fight,
That never herd together? perfect Riddles,
Which Fate that makes them only can unfold.
I'll wait till that explains them.

*Ghoſt.* Let them unravel their own webb themſelves,
Which they Spin out into as many tangles
As *Gordius* ty'd his Knot. Cut, cut them through,
The Sword alone can do it. Dare all that's poſſible,
And may be Heaven may yield, and Fate be aw'd.

*Pyrrh.* Vain is the talk of Deſtiny and Fate,

Since

Since every Gallant man may make his own,
I'll fall their Envy, if they Doom my fall,
Heav'n ſhall receive me, You ſhall point me out,
Faint with my Wounds, and ſpotting as I paſs
The Milkey way all Red with ſtreaks of Blood,
To Demi-gods that ſtand around, and tell them,
This was a worthy Succeſſor of *Alexander*,
Worthy the Son of *Ammon*.

*Ghoſt*. Oh! Only like my ſelf, I ſwear I will,
I'll meet you on the Utmoſt verge of heav'n,
Reaching a hand to lift you to the Skies,
And plant you next my Father and my Self.

*Pyrrh*. Sound all the Trumpets there, to Arms, to Arms,
Mix your loud Clangors, with thoſe peals from heav'n,
Beat the big Drum, ſpeak Every Voice of War,
I long methinks to mingle with the Gods.

*Ghoſt*. It is now paſt midnight, and I dare not ſtay,
The meagre Troops of Ghoſts are all Returning,
And wait me to conduct their wandring ſteps;
Go to the Battel, Doubt not your Succeſs,
You cannot be o'ercome, who cannot fear:
If you ſurvive, you Reign a Monarch ſtill,
And if you fall, it's but to mount a God. [Ghoſt *ſinks*.

*Pyrrh*. Am I a Coward? ſure I do not fear,
And yet I feel what I ne'er felt before,
If this be fear, Death, and the worſt of Ills,
Are Eaſier to be born. Hence from my heart.
Intruder, hence; go chooſe ſome other Soul,
Where you may Tyrannize without controul:
Of mine you cannot, ſhall not ſtand poſſeſt,
Yet you may boaſt, that once you touch'd my breaſt.

*Enter* Æmylius. Dion.

*Æmyl*. I Come to ask that Convoy from Your Majeſty,
Which uſually is given to attend on ſuch
As are Employ'd on Embaſſies.

*Pyrrh*. Welcome moſt Noble Roman to my Arms,
More welcom if you'd ſtay.

*Æmyl*. I dare not, Sir.

*Pyrrh*. I hope you have thought on it better.

*Æmyl*. Sir, I have not.

I never

I never Entertain'd one thought of Falſhood.

*Pyrrh.* Then you refuſe my Friendſhip.

*Æmyl.* No I beg it,
As I would beg Bleſſing from the Gods,
If I could make you firſt the friend of *Rome*,
Then you might make me yours; till then in Vain
Are all the Royal Offers that you made
To heap Preferments on me in your Court,
To give me the Command of all your Armies,
The Gallanteſt indeed, I e'er beheld,
Excepting *Rome*'s. I heard you with the Attention
Due to a King, but did no more than hear;
It went not to my Soul; in vain you ſent
Thoſe Preſents of Ineſtimable Value,
That yet remain untouch'd. I am but Poor,
I have no Wealth, and yet I would have none,
I would not be a Traytor to be Rich,
Or infamouſly great. My only treaſure
Lies in my truth; and if that once were loſt,
What has *Æmylius* left, to make him worthy
To be a Son of *Rome*, or Friend of *Pyrrhus*?

*Pyrrh.* This matchleſs faith makes me but prize you more,
Since your fidelity to *Rome* is ſuch,
Who acts as if ſhe knew not how to value it
What would it be to me, who know the worth
Of Conſtancy like thine?

*Æmyl.* Suſpect me rather
If once I forfeited my faith to *Rome*,
When any new Occaſion ſhould preſent,
I might be falſe to you. I love you, Sir,
As I love all brave men, and you of all
The very braveſt; I have ſeen you fight,
Where other Gallant Cheifs have ſtood at diſtance,
As if there Buſineſs were to look on you;
And they had no employment in the Field.
I have ſeen you break the battle of the *Romans*,
And pierce reſiſtleſs through thoſe Marſhal'd ranks,
Where never any Enter'd, till your ſelf;
Succeſs ſtill hung upon your Conqu'ring Sword,
And Fate deſcended with it, where it fell.
I have envy'd, and admir'd you, both at once,
And as my Eyes ſtill followed you in Fight,

Fix'd

Fix'd on the Wondrous Actions you perform'd,
I have often wiſh'd my ſelf *Epiran* born,
But oftner you a *Roman*.
Bluſh not to hear theſe Praiſes from a mouth,
That wou'd not give them if they were not due,
For Flattery is a thing as baſe as Treaſon.
*Dion.* Go on, moſt noble *Roman*, all is truth,
And, by the Gods, I thank you that you ſpeak it.
He would not ſuffer me to praiſe him thus.
*Æm.* 'Twas there, my Lord, there in the Bloody Field,
Your Godlike Proweſs won an Enemies Soul,
That Treaſures cannot tempt, nor Power betray,
But open'd to receive the love of Vertue,
And give it full Poſſeſſion, I tell you nothing,
But what I'have dared to tell the *Roman* Senate,
As they have ſate aſſembled in the Capitol.
I beg you, Royal Sir, to ſeek no more:
Be ſatisfi'd, I have a Juſt Eſteem,
For ſuch tranſcendent worth as dwells in you.
Oh! ſeek not to Corrupt a poor old Man:
My Honeſty is all the Wealth I have,
But that's my own, not ſubject to the Chance
That waits on other Fortunes; that alone
I can Call Mine; that lies within my Power.
Should all the Princes of the Earth conſpire,
I may, and will, preſerve my Faith intire.
*Pyrrh.* Say, have I many Enemies like you?
*Æm.* If all the World, Dread Sir, were ſuch as I am,
You would not have an Enemy; if you mean,
Whether the numerous Sons of *Rome* are ſuch,
They are, my Lord, braver by far than me,
And all I hope as faithful.
*Pyrrh.* Then their Conqueſt
Will be an Enterprize beyond my Powers,
Impoſſible for humane Arms to Atchieve.
*Æm.* Believe me, it will be no bloodleſs Victory,
When ever it is obtained.
*Pyrrh.* Though it ſeems dangerous
To Arm a foe, ſo terrible as you,
Yet I' have a Preſent to beſtow upon you,
Which you may take without a Breach of Faith:
Receive this Sword, it has been u'sd to Conquer,

And I dare Promiſe, it will hold its Vertue
In *Roman* hands.

*Æm.* I take it on my Knees,
As given by the dreadful God of War:
Fear not, its Vertues ſhall be kept Entire,
Unleſs it grows ungrateful to its Lord,
And turns againſt the Godlike Prince that gave it,
Where every Sword muſt fail.

*Pyrrh.* Prepare a Convoy,
To wait the good *Æmylius* to the Confines.
See all the great Battalions rang'd in Order,
To Shout his farewel, as he paſſes by.
Once more, my gallant Warrious, to my Soul,
Where thy Idea deeply is impreſs'd,
Farewel with all the Friendſhip and Eſteem,
That mutually ſhould dwell in Noble Minds,
Thou wondrous Man, of wondrous Faith, farewell.

*Æm.* Yet ere I go, hear me, Illuſtrious Prince,
I give my thanks to you, my Prayers to Heaven,
That you may ſtill be proſperous your royal Carriage;
Has wrought this Juſt reſentment in my Soul:
Still may you Triumph, your Succeſs be Ever
Such as your matchleſs Worth may juſtly Claim,
Diſtant your end of Life, no end of Fame:
May you Reign long, for numerous Years to come,
And your Arms flouriſh againſt all but *Rome*. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Lanaſſa.

*Lan.* Oh! my lov'd Lord, *Lanaſſa* was afraid
You'd have been hurri'd to the dreadful Battle,
Without the giving her one laſt Farewell.
She heard the Trumpets call you, thought you liſtn'd
To them alone, and no ſoft gentle Whiſper
Of Love could reach your Soul. She ſaw your Ranks
Of Souldiers, glittering in their gilded Arms,
Spite of the horrid Darkneſs, ſo ſhe haſtned
Ere yet you march'd them to the Walls of *Argos*,
Once more to gaze upon you, once more ſee you,
Print on your Lips one laſt dear Kiſs at parting,
And if I then can ſpeak it, bid Farewell.

*Pyrrh.* Leave but your Fears behind, and then, my Love,
We may deſpiſe whatever Fate can do;
And bear our parting brave, as Princes ſhould,
With all the Greatneſs of Heroick Minds;
Yet tenderly withall.

*Lan.* Alas, my *Pyrrhus*,
Deny me not the Privilege of my Sex;
Women, that always ſtart and ſhrink at Dangers;
Women, whoſe Courage is not leſs than Mens,
Only their Love is more: My Lord, I come not
To beg you to defer the dreadful Battle;
For, though a Thouſand ominous Signs forewarn me,
The ſudden Doom of *Pyrrhus* now is fix'd;
Yet his Reſolves are firmer fix'd than Fates:
I only come to offer up my Prayers
In thy lov'd Preſence, though I fear the Gods
Will be as deaf to them as you have been.

*Pyrrh.* Such were your Fears this Morning, Love; and now,
How vain and needleſs do they ſeem to have been?
Unhurt, unwounded from the Field I came,
And bought a Conqueſt at an eaſie Rate;
Now I ſhall only march againſt a Foe
Already half o'ercome.

*Lan.* Suppoſing then
*Argos* were yours, the Crown upon your Head,
And you upon the Throne: Suppoſe the War
Were finiſh'd as I wiſh, which I dare ſcarce
Suppoſe it will be; will your toils end there?
Or, what will next be done?

*Pyrrh.* The *Romans* yet
Remain Unconquer'd, they again ſhall try
My Forces in Arms, and my Victorious Squadrons,
Fighting with better Fortune than at firſt,
May hurl their ſoaring Eagles to the Earth.

*Lan.* If *Rome* were won, and that triumphant City,
That never yet obey'd a foreign Lord,
Submitted to your Sway, their Senate broke,
And you their Royal Maſter in their ſtead;
Where march you then?

*Pyrrh.* *Sicily* is at hand,
And I may pour my Armies on their Coaſts,
Deſtroying all the Iſle with Sword, and Fire
Hotter than that of *Ætna*.

*Lan.* Suppoſe that *Sicily*
Shar'd the ſame Fate with *Rome*.
*Pyrrh.* Then Sun-burnt *Africk*
Shall groan beneath the weight of Caſti'd Elephants,
And its own Brood be turn'd againſt it ſelf.
*Lan.* Granting that you had Conquer'd *Africk* too,
What Enterprize is next?
*Pyrrh.* The ſearch of Glory and of Fame is endleſs;
New Countries will afford new Conqueſts ſtill.
*Lan.* If all were won, all the wide World were yours,
What Fruit, my *Pyrrhus*, would you reap from all?
*Pyrrh.* When War is to be had no more, my Love,
We will ſit down upon the conquer'd Globe,
Enjoy our ſelves in Peace, and laugh at Fate.
*Lan.* And why, my Lord, why can't we do ſo now?
Cannot one Kingdom furniſh full Enjoyment?
What has the World in ſtore? what Pomp, what Pleaſures?
What can the laviſh hands of Nature give,
That *Epirus* has not yielded to her Lord?
But oh! my Love, Kings are like other Miſers,
Greedy of more; they uſe not what they have
As Merchants, venturing on the faithleſs Seas
For needleſs Wealth, are driv'n by ſudden Storms
On Banks of Sands, or daſh'd againſt the Rocks,
And all they have is ſunk, and loſt at once.
Kings ruſh to Wars, more faithleſs than the Seas,
Where more inconſtant Fortune waits their Arms;
Where in a Minute one unhappy Blow
Ruins the Progreſs of an Age before:
Delay not your Enjoyment, till you've all;
O! do it, while you've any, while you may;
While yet the gath'ring Storm wants wings to reach you.
*Pyrrh.* Did you Plead thus in any other Cauſe,
You could not be deny'd; but rigid Honour
Has arm'd my Heart againſt the grant of this.
Retire, my Love; for loe, the Night grows darker,
The Voice of Heav'n more loud, and the big Winds
More forcibly have ſhook the nodding Tents;
The drouzy Souldier, waken'd by the Tempeſt,
Starts from the Earth, and crys, away to Battle:
Retire, my lov'd *Lanaſſa*.
*Lan.* Oh! my Lord,
When ſhall we meet again?

*Pyrrh.*

*Pyrrh.* Heav'n knows, my Love;
But I too know that we shall meet in Heav'n,
Where everlasting Joys shall Crown our Loves,
And never more be sunder'd.

*Lan.* Oh! were that true, wretch that I am to doubt it;
For sure there is a Place reserv'd for thee;
A Throne prepar'd for *Pyrrhus*, my Love, my Lord:
The noblest Demi-god of all the Skies,
And foremost Heroe in the Host of Heav'n.

*Pyrrh.* No more: one last Embrace, and now no more,
For the Adieus of Lovers never end:
I wish that we were gone our several ways,
And yet I cannot be the first to go.

*Lan.* Then how should I, a weak fond helpless Woman!
Oh! Stay, my Lord; since we must part at last,
Say but farewell, for your *Lanassa* cannot.

*Pyrrh.* Farewell, with all the force of Love, farewell.

*Lan.* Oh! *Pyrrhus! Pyrrhus!* whither go you now,
To the dire War? where partial Death resides;
Death, that was ever wont to lop the Noble
And spare the Vulgar; Oh! turn back a little;
Stay till I fall thus prostrate to the Earth,
Torn by my Passion, till I beg the Gods
In thy behalf: Oh! save him all ye Powers;
Make him the whole Concern of all your Skies;
Oh! let this humble Adoration move,
Be good, ye gracious Gods, and save my Love.
Preserve him Heav'n from all the Rage of War,
Divert the threatning Point of every Spear,
Shield him some God, and let no shaft come near.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter* Dion *and* Æmylius.

*Dion.* THese are our Limits, which I must not pass,
For all beyond, the *Argive* Lands extend:
I hear their Guards upon their march to meet you,
And leave you to their Convoy.

Æm.

*Æm.* Thou good old General of a Godlike Prince,
All health to him, and next to him, to thee.
*Dion.* I grieve to part, ſince you muſt go to *Argos*,
And I am loth to have you for a Foe:
There will be Action there, and *Roman* hands
Are never Idle at a time like that.
*Æm.* Yet now I ſhall not draw my peaceful Sword;
For as I'm ſent *Rome*'s Envoy, not her Souldier,
I ſtand exempted from the Call of War.
*Dion.* How will the joyful News tranſport the King,
That though *Æmylius* would not ſide with him,
He will not fight againſt him! He ſhall be told,
And his great Soul ſhall give a due Acknowledgment
In ſparing *Romans* for a *Roman*'s ſake.
*Æm.* Gods! why are Kings your Images beneath,
The livelieſt Portraitures of heavenly Powers,
Created ſubject to Eternal Diſcord?
Why is War wag'd for ever on the Earth?
Why are not leſs malignant Planets plac'd
To guide their Actions, to preſerve their Peace,
And influence their Lives to run on ſmoothly
With the ſame Harmony that moves your Spheres?
*Dion.* Boundleſs Ambition, vaſt deſire of Empire,
And Fame for gallant Deeds perform'd in War,
Still ſpur them forward through the duſty Field,
While Reaſon all in vain would hold them back.
*Æm.* Why ſhould our hands rebel againſt our hearts?
I love a gallant Enemy in my Soul,
And with regret encounter when I meet;
The Breaſts where Vertue dwells are ſacred Seats,
Nor ſhould they be prophan'd, no more than Shrines;
No Wounds ſhould enter there; but baſe Plebeians,
Sordid, and void of Spirits as of Senſe,
True mortal Stuff, ſhould gorge the maw of Death.
*Dion.* O let me be ſecur'd of ſuch a Friend,
If my great Maſter has not all your Soul,
Let the remaining part be given to me,
And place a Loyal Subject next this Lord.
*Æm.* Sure we are ally'd, our Age and Hearts alike,
And thou wer't meant a *Roman*, but thy Stars
At thy Nativity miſtook the Soil,
And caſt thee on a too too diſtant Clime
Far from the Bounds of *Rome*.

*Dion.*

*Dion.* My Fate has placed me,
Where, if I had not found a Lord, like *Pyrrhus*,
I would have choſe a Conſul to command me,
And offer'd him my Service.
*Æm.* The ſound of trampling Horſe encreaſes ſtill,
Which ſpeaks them near; time ſteals away inſenſibly,
And old Mens talk is tedious as their Years,
Who after ſeveral Farewells, ſtill talk on.
*Dion.* But now the Night urges our laſt adieu,
And wakeful Birds, impatient for the Morning,
Already do begin to call it forth
With Notes like Trumpets ſounding a Retreat:
Short is the Souldiers Ceremony, a Hand and Heart
Is all we give at parting.
*Æm.* And that is all
That the moſt ardent Lovers have to give:
Once more, all health to *Pyrrhus*, and to thee. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Helenus.

*Hel.* Oh! how I grudge the hated Steps I take,
To lead me farther off the dear Apartments
That hold my Love; how eager to return.
I burn with Fires more ſcorching than before,
And heightned Charms dilate the riſing Flame;
Heav'n has took pains to work her to a Miracle:
A wondrous Faith, joyn'd with a matchleſs Form.
*Dion.* You are welcom, Prince:
I thank you that you have deceiv'd my Fears,
And by returning thus, outrun my Hopes.
*Hel.* Oh *Dion!* when will the War begin?
*Dion.* Still better; in that ſtrain you ſpeak Succeſs,
A Prælude to a *Pæan*; ſoon, I hope,
And ſoon the Conqueſt follow.
*Hel.* You have ſeen me fighting.
*Dion.* And doubt not but to ſee you ſo again,
With the ſame fortune as you have fought before.
*Hel.* I tell thee Friend, I will outdoe my ſelf;
My riſing Soul ſtrains to a higher Pitch
Than e'er it reach'd till now; Revenge and Love,
Fury and Jealouſie, and thirſt of Honour,
All rage and roul within my troubled Mind,

And work the Tempeſt high:
Lead me, my General, lead me to the War;
And oh! employ your intereſt with the King
To haſten on the too too tedious hour.
To me the flying Minutes ſeem but ſlow;
E'er this I would have been amidſt the Foe,
Forcing my dreadful Paſſage with my Sword,
Poſſeſs'd of all that Conqueſt can afford:
Through thickeſt Ranks, I would like Lightning break;
Love and Revenge make all reſiſtance weak.

*Enter* Pyrrhus *and Soldiers.*

*Pyrrh.* See your dead Prince plac'd on the higheſt Elephant,
That all the Army, at the diſmal Object,
May with more Fury kindle to Revenge.
*To them.*] Oh! *Dion* oh! *Helenus* Son and General,
Where have you loiter'd? now our buſie Fates
Call for all Hands.
*Dion.* Mine, Royal Sir, are ready;
And my Heart joins them, it ſtrikes out with Vigour,
And beats thick knocks againſt my aged Breaſt.
*Pyrrh. Helenus*, lead the Van, Ten thouſand Men,
Are order'd to attend you to the On ſet:
March to the Ramparts, South of *Juno*'s Temple,
And while our warlike Trumpets ſound to Battle,
And the great Squadrons mingle in the Wars;
Suſpend, ye Gods, the Thunder of your Skies,
Withold your Bolts, that play with idle Rage,
And fall with harmleſs Flames on Mountains tops.
Look on more dreadful Actions done beneath,
See our Swords ſtrike, with more diſpatch, in death.

## SONG.

*I Wretch'd in a Dark and Diſmal Grove,*
*A poor abandon'd, hopeleſs Maid,*
*Thinking on her departed Love,*
*Cry'd, whither does Ambition lead?*

*From*

*From the dear Joys that Love can yield,*
*From the ſoft Circle of my Arms*
*He ruſhes to the fatal Field:*
*Miſtaken Swain, have Danger's Charms?*

*Fond of a loud, yet empty Name,*
*Notions of Honour you purſue;*
*And fanſying Happineſs in Fame,*
*For a falſe Bliſs forſake the true.*

*Lovers, with Scorn, and Hatred curs'd,*
*When all their Paſſion fail'd to move,*
*Found out this Tyrant Honour firſt,*
*In pure Revenge to ruine Love.*

[*A Battle ſounded.*

*Enter* Lanaſſa.

*Lan.* I, now it is begun; alas, my *Pyrrhus!*
How my Soul ſhakes within me when I think
What Dangers thy dear Life is thus expos'd to!
Ah! whither does he run? he ruſhes fearleſs
On pointed Swords, the Arm of Death lifts at him;
But yet he ſhall not periſh unattended.
If Fate ordains our fall, we'll fall together:
Together walk through all the gloomy Arbours,
The Grots, and Manſions of the Bleſſed dead;
Together ſtretch'd o'er the black Banks of *Lethe*,
Look down upon the Stream that glides beneath us.
Oh! Bliſsful proſpect of a future ſtate,
Delightful Ecſtaſie in Thoughts of Death!
Methinks, through all the vaſt and verdant Meads
No Roſe lies blaſted, and no Myrtle fades;
But ever bloom, where my lov'd *Pyrrhus* treads:
Through all *Elyzium*, all the flow'ry Groves,
Each raviſh'd Ghoſt with wonder ſees our Loves.
Pleas'd with the View, they point us out, and cry,
Loe! Yonder, where the happy Lovers lie!
Urg'd by their tranſport to forſake their Bowers,
They wait on us, and all the Train is ours. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Changes to the City of* Argos, *as Beſieged.*

*Enter* Antigonus, Demetrius *and* Ariſteon.

*Ant.* Already *Pyrrhus* has begun the Storm;
His Elephants, like huge Machines of War,
With their Broadſides lie preſſing on our Walls;
And from the Caſtles planted on their Backs
Pour forth an Army down upon the Town.
Heard you that Shout?
*Dem.* We did; it follow'd ſomething
Loud as it ſelf, that ſounded like the burſt
Of Brazen Gates.

*Enter* Martius.

*Mart.* All's loſt; The Foes are enter'd;
The Torrent rouls this way.
*Ant.* Undaunted yet;
With Bravery, that deſerves a better Fortune,
We'll ſtrive to change the partial face of War. [*Exeunt*;

*Manet* Ariſteon.

*Ariſt.* I hope 'tis *Epire*'s Prince has made his Entrance.
If ſo, *Antigone*'s Name will draw him here.
Helenus *from within.*] Antigone----
*Ant.* Hark! 'Tis already anſwer'd.
He caught it like the Echo, at diſtance,
And cloſely follows its return himſelf.

*Enter* Helenus.

*Hel.* Now, now, the wiſh'd for time at laſt is come,
While publick Intereſt draws the Swords of others,
To end one private Quarrel by our ſelves.
*Ariſt.* Let's not ſpend a Minute in our talk;
The Hours are precious, and our Swords can plead
Our Cauſe the beſt, and ſtop our Tongues for ever.

*Enter* Antigone. [*Fight.* Ariſteon *falls.*

*Ant.* Methoughts I heard you, Love; but knew not well
Whether it was the Voice of Fate, or you.

*Ariſt.*

*Ariſt.* Oh! 'twas the Voice of Fate to me; it ſpoke
The loſs of Life and Love; yet in my Death
I joy to ſee you with my cloſing Eyes,
To take the farewell View before I go,
And bear thy dear Idea to the Skies.
There, as I glide along the Bowers of Heav'n,
And view the celebrated Beauties there,
But find none fair enough to move my wonder,
No heavenly Excellence of force to Charm me,
Ev'n there I'll think once more upon *Antigone*.
[*After a Pauſe.*] What not a word? But do not, do not ſpeak;
There is an Eloquence in ſilent pity
Beyond Expreſſion.
Farewell thou dear, but cruel Fair, farewell.
Oh! I had many wondrous Things to ſay,
And wondrous Love ſhould ſhine in all I ſaid;
But that my fleeting Soul out-flies my words,
And leaves my Speech unfiniſh'd.
Too happy Prince, farewell.
Black Miſts have overcaſt my dying Eyes,
I cannot now diſpute the Beauteous Prize:
All my laſt Hopes, I, with my Life, reſign;
The Conqueſt, both in War and Love, is thine.
*Ant.* Oh! Lead me Love; where I may hide my ſelf
From Sights of Horrour that affright my Soul.
To me, the War is dreadful as the Sea
To unexperienc'd Mariners; and I tremble
At every blaſt that blows: Heav'n ſend the Calm.
*Hel.* Thither, my Love, retire to yonder Tow'r;
Theſe Souldiers be your Guard: Methinks my Father
Upbraids me for my ſtay; I'll on to meet him,
And help to Crown the Conqueſts of this Night.
*Ant.* I go; But I conjure you, Prince, to be
More careful of your ſelf, and leſs of me.

[*Two Souldiers enter, and carry* Ariſt. *off.*

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

*Trumpets and Kettle Drums.*

*Enter* Pyrrhus, Dion, *and Souldiers.*

*Pyrrh.* Puſh on the Fight, and follow Fortune cloſe,
She flies before with all her Sails upon her;

And gath'ring in the fulleſt guſts of War,
Will quickly reach the Port.

*The Scene Draws, and Diſcovers the Image of a Bull and Wolf Engraven in Copper, and placed at the Entrance of the* Forum.

*Dion.* Why ſtop you, Sir?
*Pyrrh.* Oh! *Dion*, ſhall I tell you? I'm afraid.
*Dion.* Do not, Sir;
You would not be believ'd although you did.
*Pyrrh.* Look on thoſe Figures there.
*Dion.* And what of them?
*Pyrrh.* I had a Meſſage ſent me from the Gods,
To tell me, where I met two ſuch as theſe,
There Fate ſhould meet with me.
*Dion.* Who brought their Meſſage?
*Pyrrh.* A God himſelf, one who was lately made;
And mingling in the Councils with the reſt,
Reveal'd this Part to me.
*Dion.* And you believe him?
*Pyrrh.* 'Twere impious to do otherwiſe; yet, my Friend,
I cannot fear him yet.
*Dion.* Then give me leave
To fear for you; Their Warning has been Kind,
And ought to be Obey'd.
*Pyrrh.* Shall we then loſe
So fair a Proſpect?
*Dion.* We may loſe our ſelves
By venturing to obtain a nearer View:
We ſeem to lean over ſome hanging Clift,
O'er-looking of the Wreck that Floats below.
Should we ſtretch more, beyond the Verge, we fall
Infinite Fathoms down, and ſink for ever.
*Pyrrh.* You have prevail'd, the Gods ſhall be obey'd;
It is no Cowardize to yield to Heav'n:
Some other Night ſhall recompence for this
Leſs full of Fate. Go order the Retreat;
I'll be the laſt my ſelf.

[*Exit* Dion.

*Enter*

*Enter* Martius.

*Pyrrh.* What art thou,
That haunts me ſtill in fight? I've ſeen thee thrice
Fixing thy glaring Eyes on me alone:
And with a Pride that ſcorns a ſmaller Conqueſt,
Aim only at my Life. Thy Arms are *Roman*;
If thou wouldſt Kill me, do it with a Gallantry
Worthy thy Place of Birth.
*Mart.* I am a *Roman*;
I have ſought thee in the thickeſt Ranks of Battle,
And watch'd all Night to have thee my ſelf;
But the throng'd preſs that ſtill encountred you,
(For I ſaw not one who dar'd to meet you ſingle)
Have held me off till now.
*Pyrrh.* I cannot think
Thou haſt receiv'd a hire to give me Death.
*Mart.* I have; My Fame and Honour bribe me high,
And thus I ſtrive for purchaſe.
*Pyrrh.* Thou haſt it there [*Fight.* Martius *falls.*
At a dear rate; Fate ſeems not near me yet,
Spite of its menace; the Retreat begins,
And makes our diſtance greater. [*Exit.*

*Shout from within.*

*Enter* Lanaſſa, *Supported Bleeding.*

*Lan.* I heard the *Argives* ſhout the death of *Pyrrhus*,
And ruſh'd into the War, where to my Wiſh
I met my own. Oh! hold a little Fate;
Could I but ſee my Lord before I dy'd,
Contentedly I am thine.

*Re-enter* Pyrrhus, Dion, *both Wounded and Supported by* Helenus.

*Pyrrh.* 'Tis done; my Fate has caught me in my Flight.
Art thou here Love? and art thou wounded too?
Nay, then it takes me whole.
*Lan.* It was well contriv'd,
To Summon me that hour it call'd for you;
Elſe I had come unſent for. *Pyrrh.*

*Pyrrh.* So you do.
That Death was none of thine, and Heav'n will wonder
To ſee an unexpected gueſt arrive.
*Lan.* Receive, my Love, my laſt and ſad Adieu:
The fleeting Souls of others, when they die,
Are breath'd into the Air, and vaniſh there;
But I pour mine into thy lovely Lips,
Its wiſh'd for Lodge: Thus dying both together,
We ſeem as at the Altar once again,
Renewing Vows of Everlaſting love,
And joyning hands and hearts before the Prieſt;
But now we Wed more firmly than at firſt:
For *Hymen*'s Office is perform'd by Death.
Death ſurer than our Nuptials ties us faſt,
And theſe are Bonds that will for ever laſt. [*Dies.*
*Pyrrh.* And ſo they are, I ſhall not ſtay behind:
And yet, ye Gods! 'twas ſtrange, 'twas wondrous ſtrange
A Life ſo made of Miracles as mine;
Preſerv'd till now at the expence of Prodigies,
Should end at laſt ſo meanly, by a Stone
Hurl'd by a Woman's hand; the very Thought
Urges my Death the ſwifter.
*Dion.* Heav'n! what a ſuddain whirl of Fate was here?
Juſt as we had hunted Fortune to the toils,
And almoſt had her ſure; then, then to let her
Break the involving Net, and change the Chaſe,
Purſuing thoſe by whom ſhe was purſu'd,
Is ſuch a Caprice that has no Excuſe.
*Pyrrh.* I had forgot, how goes the Battle on?
*Hel.* As Ships in ſtormy Seas, their Pilot's loſt,
Drive backward with the Tide.
*Pyrrh.* But one thing more:
Oh! Cloſe thoſe Bleeding Wounds that gape ſo wide;
Thruſt off your Death awhile, and live my General;
Live to entreat the fortunate *Antigonus*
To uſe *Helenus* well.
*Hel.* There needs not that;
For I can put my ſelf beyond his Power,
And own no other Sire or King but you.
*Pyrrh.* By Heav'n you ſhould; did not Fate differ here:
Your Love ſtill lives for you, mine dies with me;
You have a Bribe ſufficient for your Life,

And

And I have mine for Death: Farewell, my Son.
My Eye-balls now begin to ſwim in Death,
And my Queen dances in my dizzy Sight;
I'll ſeize her thus, thus make her mine for ever.
As Merchants, that remove to foreign Climes,
Carry their Families with them, my Love, my Self,
My good old General, to make up the Third:
Three ſuch as we, ſhall Charm the Eyes of Heaven;
And their Diſcourſe ſhall be of nought but us.
Their Tongues ſhall in our Praiſes be imploy'd,
Our Loves and Wars the Theme of every God. [*Dies.*

*Dion.* Methinks old Men do linger in their Death
As much as in their Lives; my Blood moves ſlowly,
And drop by drop falls from my withered Veins,
Diſtilling like an Icicle, 'till at laſt,
'Tis quite diſſolved.
After this Loſs, life could no Joys afford;
Death pleaſes beſt, that ſends me to my Lord. [*Dies.*

*Hel.* Farewell, Illuſtrious Father, Vertuous Queen
And good old Man, farewell; while here I gaze,
My ſtruggling Soul is doubtful which to chooſe;
To live with her I love, or dye with you.
But oh! She comes, ſhe comes to end the Strife,
And Love for her makes me in love with Life.

*Trumpets and Kettle Drums.*

*Enter* Antigonus, Demetrius, Æmylius, Antigone.

*Æm.* See what a ſtately Pomp of Death lies here,
And where the Princely Mourner ſtands; the ſole
Survivour of the royal Race of *Pyrrhus*,
And almoſt of the War, Oh! grant, ye Gods,
That every Son of *Rome*, that falls in Battle,
May fall as brave as theſe.
*Dem.* Death was this Night devouring as the Deluge,
And all the World of *Epiran* ſeems ſwallow'd up;
And but one Perſon ſav'd.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* I'll add another
Again to ſtock their Earth. Here, gallant Prince,
Receive this Pledge of an eternal Friendſhip, [*Gives* Antigone
And let your Father's Kingdoms be her Dow'r. *to* Helenus.
See the great *Pyrrhus* Royally interr'd,
And lay his much lov'd *Ptolomy* by his Side.

Short are the Glories that our Lives can boaſt,
And our aſpiring Thoughts in Death are loſt.

---

*F I N I S.*

---

# EPILOGUE.

*IN Summer every living thing on Earth*
*Seems new created, and receives new Birth.*
*Beauties abroad their blooming Sweets diſplay,*
*Flowers open, Fruit-trees bloſſom, Bean's are gay,*
*Summer's a time for all things----but a Play.*
*The Summer does the Labourers Harveſt yield,*
*Fleets put to Sea, and Armies take the Field.*
*Bold was the Ship (ſo we are told by* Horace)
*Which firſt launch'd out, and this his tale makes for us.*
*For greater is the risk of Vent'rous Wit,*
*Which raſhly dares an untry'd Bark commit*
*To the ſmooth Deep of a deceitful Pit.*
*Yet you have been on theſe Occaſions Kind,*
*And our Young Authour hopes from you to find*
*A flowing Tide, and favourable Wind.*
*Let me Plead for him then; Pray ſhow him favour,*
*For if we loſe him now, he's loſt for ever.*
*Should He fail quite in this; I know his Nature,*
*Too baſhful to attempt to mend the Matter:*
*Young Poets ſtill their Modeſty diſcover,*
*But theirs, like ours, or yours, is quickly over.* [To the Pit.
*Let this, againſt your judgment ſtand the Teſt,*
*Show Mercy now, and judge him in the reſt.*